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FRANKFORT

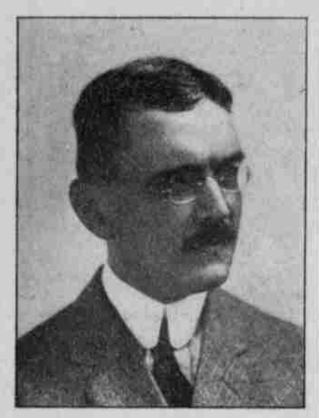
Crowded With Men Seeking to Connect With the Pie Counter.

Senator Hite Huffaker Withdraws From Race Before the Senate.

Local Democrats Pleased With Appointment of Nathan Kahn.

STEIN GOES WITH FRANK DUGAN

Last week Frankfort was crowded with men of all parties to attend the inauguration of Gov. Stanley, while this week it is crowded with Democrats from all parts of the State seeking to connect with the



LOUIS STEIN.

political pie counter. As exclusively tipped in these columns, Mat S. Cohen, Commissioner of Agriculture, officially announced the appointment of Jack Nelson, of Paducah, as State Labor Inspector, and Omer Stubbs, of Ludlow, as Assistant Labor Inspector, the former position paying $1,200 and traveling expenses, while the latter pays $900 and traveling expenses. These appointments prove that Mr. Cohen wasn't bamboozled by the official deliverers of the labor vote, as were Stanley's campaign managers. One of Mr. Cohen's chief supporters told the writer that none of the latter class had ever been considered for the appointment. This is especially pleasing to the rank and file of good union men, who resent the statement made in every campaign that these walking delegates will deliver their votes in a bulk to the highest bidder, and in all probability concerted action will be taken by representative labor men to prevent a recurrence of this travesty. Local Democrats have indorsed Mrs. Charles Hamilton Musgrove for the appointment of State Labor Inspector to succeed Miss Madge Nave, a daughter of William Nave, a local Republican leader.

To vindicate himself for the turndown given by the Democratic National Committee, it is rumored that Gen. W. B. Haldeman will be a candidate for delegate to the national convention next August, and to that end will try and enlist the support of Gov. Stanley and the entire State administration to accomplish his purpose. On the other hand it has been suggested that Stanley and his associates believe that they have done enough for the General, and now realize that their efforts in his behalf nearly caused the defeat of the entire State ticket. The Courier-Journal and Times supporters who attempted to capture the local organization still attempt to decry the splendid work of the present Democratic organization in saving Stanley and the entire ticket in the recent election, and they resort to the argument that the judicial ticket saved the day. This has been repeated so often and mentioned by the Haldeman papers that many have accepted it as a true statement.

Now to analyze the returns and see whether this is correct or not, a race in which there was no special feeling, the race for State Auditor, would be the best criterion. Stanley's race can not be figured because of prohibition sentiment. The same can be said of Lieut. Gov. Black, and also Barksdale Hamlett, the defeated candidate for Secretary of State. However, that of Robert L. Greene, for State Auditor, is the truest vindication of the local organization's work. There was no special campaign for him either for or against and he received exactly 5,056 majority, this being larger than that of any local judicial candidate.

Louis Stein, Mayor Buschemeyer's Secretary, will begin his duties as Chief Deputy under Frank Dugan, Circuit Clerk-elect, after January 1, and his selection by Mr. Dugan was a popular one and at the same time is a guarantee of efficiency in that office, "efficiency" being the popular German Baron's middle name.

Senator Hite Huffaker on Thursday announced his withdrawal as a candidate for Speaker of the Senate in favor of Senator Tom Combs, of Lexington, Senator Huffaker announcing that he did not wish to participate in a contest that might embarrass the Stanley administration. In connection with this the entire Louisville delegation has pledged itself to support the State administration in its legislative programme. Representative George B. Barrett intends to give the General Assembly a lively time next month, as he will introduce a boxing bill, an anti-trading stamp measure, an anti-loan shark bill, a redistricting and a compulsory registration measure. In a gathering of the Jefferson county representatives the other day it was said that Col. Dan Russell would name the Louisville Colonels for the Stanley staff and the representatives would suggest a man from each of their bailwicks for the proud honors.

Apropos of the close of the recent State administration, local Democrats are tickled over the appointment of Nathan Kahn as Prosecuting Attorney of the Police Court, as he has always been an active worker in the organization ranks. Mr. Kahn is actively connected with the Elks, and it is reported will be the next Exalted Ruler of the local lodge.

SYSTEMATIC PERSECUTION.

Systematic persecution of the clergy in Mexico, authorized by Government officials since the recognition of Carranza and in violation of his pledge of religious tolerance, was charged in a protest made to Secretary Lansing Tuesday by Monsignor Francis Kelly, of Chicago. On leaving the State Department Monsignor Kelly said the Secretary had promised to do what he could to secure improvement in the situation. Monsignor Kelly, who was accompanied to the department by the Rev. Thomas Shannon, of Chicago, charged that a decree had been issued in the State of Yucatan requiring all priests to marry and to work eight hours a day in the public offices on pain of expulsion. In Northern Mexico, he said, priests had been declared ineligible to own property, even their homes being confiscated. "In Guadalajara," said Monsignor Kelly, "the university has been closed since Caranza was recognized and the chapel partly destroyed. In Morelia, capital of Michoacan, they even went so far as to order that priests should not wear overcoats, but should wear on the streets as protection against the cold a blanket, the garb of the peon." Monsignor Kelly and Father Shannon were encouraged by the interest shown by Secretary Lansing. Eliseo Arredondo, recently appointed Mexican Ambassador to Washington, also had told them, they said, that he would do all he could to secure an amelioration of conditions. Monsignor Kelly denied that the Catholic church was antagonistic to Carranza or ever had engaged in politics.

INTO ETERNAL REST.

The death of Maurice Coll removed from Jeffersonville a landmark, and his impress will remain as a heritage for future generations. Essentially a man of action, never during the whole of his long and active life did Maurice Coll trim a sail or neglect to assert his conviction, regardless of whether it met with the approval of friend or foe. Born in Ireland in 1835, he believed with childlike simplicity in the wonderful goodness of God and religion, and that by inheritance mankind was created as free as sunlight, endowed with the power to choose between good and evil and was therefore the architect of his own fortune. For nearly half a century he had been a resident of Jeffersonville and was active and honored in the public life of that city. Besides his wife Mr. Coll is survived by two daughters and six sons, as follows: Mrs. C. A. McNamara, of Keokuk; Mrs. Charles A. Edelen, of Louisville; George E. Coll, of San Antonio; James Coll, of Chicago; John P. Coll, Bernard A. Coll, Charles J. Coll and Ernest E. Coll, of Jeffersonville. His funeral was held Sunday afternoon from St. Augustine's church, Rev. Father Halpin conducting the solemn service.

MISSION WAS SUCCESS.

The mission preached by the Rev. Thomas Fagan at St. Augustine's church, Thirteenth and Broadway, was brought to a solemn and beautiful close on Sunday evening, when an eloquent sermon was delivered, the blessing imparted and benediction of the blessed sacrament ended a week filled with graces, reception of the sacraments, inspiring sermons and large attendance at the masses and evening services. Father Fagan's sermons were vigorous and forceful and his delivery clear and effective, and assuredly the parishioners reaped an abundant harvest of graces and blessings. At the close Father Fagan and Father Francis Felten, the pastor, were assisted by a number of the local clergy.

VINCENTIANS.

Despite the inclement weather the local conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society were well represented at the general quarterly meeting Sunday afternoon. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Eugene Donahoe, pastor of St. Paul's, with President Doyle occupying the chair. After the conference reports had been submitted, showing the great charity work the society was doing a large number of earnest men were enrolled. John A. Doyle, who attended the Washington conference, gave an interesting and detailed report of the proceedings that resulted in uniting the entire body under one head. Father Donahoe and Father Deppen were called upon and what they said was appreciated.

BACKBONE IS CATHOLIC.

"As regards the Catholics," said the Hebrew Federation Review recently, "let us not forget that they well-nigh constitute the backbone of our fighting forces on sea and land and the upholders of law and order in our cities and villages. It is an open truth that the Catholics furnish the largest proportion of bluecoats and bluejackets and boys in khaki."

IRELAND OF TODAY.

Interesting Account of Travels Through Emerald Isle With Graphic Description of Irish Scenery and People—The Words "From America" a Passport to Hospitality and Welcome in Historic Little Isle.

SPECIAL MENTION OF TIPPERARY AND STIRRING IRISH MUSIC.

The following interesting account by Catherine Van Dyke of her travels through Ireland appears in the current number of the Ladies' Home Journal and has been widely commented upon, being a beautiful description of Ireland and her people today:

As I stepped off the boat at Dublin, at 4 o'clock of a moisty morning, my heart sank as I handed over my passport. It had been vised by most of the Consuls of Europe. It had passed muster in the Netherlands, France, Germany and England, but I had been warned of a rigid examination that would probe my remotest motive for visiting Ireland in war time. So I sighed deeply as I looked at the genial crowd, some still clasping the rosaries they had told so loud as we crossed the dangerous Irish Sea.

I was a young girl alone with no better defense for my visit than a wish to see the "auld land" that is a motherland to every merry heart in America. But now, cold, hungry and dreadfully sleepy, I grasped my suitcase—my only baggage for three months in warring Europe—and felt my heart quake at the thought of a long, tortuous examination. Then I heard a voice ring like a bell through the fog: "Well, you're from the States, are you, miss? Then welcome to Ireland, and proud I am to say it!" and with that I looked up into the kindest blue eyes that ever shone under officer's cap.

"She's from America, this little lady!" He turned to the gold-braided officials beside him. "From America," he repeated; and such a smile lit up the group that, quaking heart and chills and suitcase, I surrendered on the spot—the most voluntary prisoner Ireland had taken since the war began.

"Ameriky, is it? She's from the States indade!" I heard my shipmates whisper excitedly as they, too, beamed at me; and one old body, with a gray shawl over her head, said: "To think I sat there eatin' me bread and not offerin' her a bite atall, atall; but I didn't drame she was from Ameriky, with me three b'ys there this day." She nodded her apologies to me and then they all smiled again—that sunny, wistful smile which convinced me that if laughter was discovered by Peter Pan a smile was born under a shamrock.

The customs officer handed back my passport. "It says you're just five feet one," he added. "Now that is too small a lady to keep out when you've got such a big country behind you, but mind"—his face lengthened sternly—"you tell them over there in the States that they don't come over often enough to Ireland, and glad I am this time to put the shoe on the right foot."

It proved a lucky shoe for me. Everywhere I went that magic word "Ameriky" was an open-sesame to all the good will I could dispose of. Good will—and questions. Oh, those questions! How they came from every man, woman and child who ever had a relative "gone out to the States." I wish I could give the roll call as it pursued me around Ireland. Didn't I know Annie Kelly, from New York; Michael O'Grady, from Chicago; Dennis Malloy, "himself that left intendin' to be Prisidint, but took a place in a canning factory betwane time;" or "Mollie O'Donnell, that hasn't written home for a year and I'll be pullin' back by the hair of her head if she doesn't say where she's at;" or "is it true that Danny Mahan has passed beyont, and if so why weren't we told about it?"

But my first adventure in Irish hospitality came when in search of a hotel at half-past four in the morning. I am now firmly convinced that the owners of Irish trains, boats and hotels are descndants of some old tribal feudists which keeps them from making any possible conjunction in business. There was a mere gap of five hours between my ship's landing and the first train from Dublin to Cork—and the station hotel was discreetly closed until 7.

But this station master was full of resources. He spied my American flag in my coat lapel and promptly took me under his wing. "'Tis all right, miss," he assured me. "I have a sister in the States, so ye've come to the right one to look afther you." Then suddenly he bent way down and whispered tremendously in my ear: "If you raly want to see Dublin I don't advise ye goin' to a hotel," he added with the serious conviction that I came to know as typically Irish. "Now I advise ye to take a jauntin' car and drive about. The mist is clearin' and ye could see Dublin by sunrise. 'Tis a grand sight"—he stepped back and regarded me—"I see it every day meself except when it rains, which is often."

"But I didn't want to tour the hotel," I laughed; "I wanted to sleep and eat in it."

"And right ye are, miss," replied my undaunted friend, "but ye can't be slapin' and seein' Dublin at the oncet. As for atin'—that comes handy any time, and right now I'll take ye to the soldiers' buffet."

When I came into the station I was told that a trainful of soldiers had pulled out half an hour earlier (before the boat arrived); so my first entrance into Ireland looked decidedly peaceful after the strenuous stations of other countries. The station master led me to a buffet where sandwiches and coffee are provided for soldiers by one of the women's war societies, and there he bowed profoundly to the ladies serving. "We have here a visitor from the States," he declared grandly, as if I were a delegation, "and a bit of breakfast is what she needs as much as any soldier of the lot."

I had difficulty in restraining them after that. But I did not realize the full perils of Irish hospitality until I tried to swing on to a jaunting car to make my tour of Dublin at sunrise. Once I had driven in a Quebec caleche, and when by some miracle I emerged intact, I vowed it was "never again" for native vehicles whose management is inherited, not acquired. But the art of a jaunting car is neither inherited nor acquired. It is thrust upon you!

"But how will I get up?" I called to my driver, perched—forgive it—so jauntily upon his high seat.

"Juump!" he said laconically. "Jist juump!"

I jumped and I jumped until there wasn't any jump left in me. Still I could not get my foot on the high step, and my man—apparently—could not leave his reins free to help me. Then suddenly I heard a grand rush and, with a "The saints bless ye," I was swung on to my seat perilous, in which I could just turn far enough to see my friend, the station master, bowing himself off. It was the only effective anticlimax to a farewell I have ever witnessed.

I braced myself against the seat, which runs parallel to the horse and which has no arms to clutch, and then, commending my soul, began my last wishes. But you have small time in which to wish on a jaunting car, that delirious delight inspired by devils and fairies. First you sway, then you jerk and then you jiggle. Next you thump, then you bump and then you giggle. Then, just as you are thrown into the very vortex of despair, you do get the rhythm, and there you are, peaceful as a pan of milk, with just a gentle, creaking motion to churn your thoughts about the landscape, of which you may become a part at any moment.

Now I know now why my driver said: "So long as I can drive a jauntin' car I will never lave Ireland. But when I can't longer drive a jauntin' car I won't stay and watch another man drive one."

As we spun around Dublin that wonderful top of the morning, with the rosy fingers of the sunrise unlocking the gray streets with their old historic buildings, I felt I had attained the height of all romance. Never city looked so fair, never courtier was so courteous as my driver, and certainly no chariot ever was so dashing as my jaunting car.

Round and round we spun, over half or Dublin's twelve bridges, up to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Trinity College, Nelson Monument and the statues of Grattan, Burke, O'Connell and Goldsmith, who, I soon learned from my trip were only a few of Ireland's great. My man told me that a jaunting car makes one either a fool or a philosopher. On that drive I became an Irish stoic, and when I nearly tumbled off my seat I nearly tumbled on again.

That soft Irish noon I sat on an old stone bench and sunned myself, a little beggar in the mellow land of romance. Across the square the Irish boys of Kitchener's new army were drilling by the crossed flags of Erin's green and the Union Jack. Softly, almost tenderly, they sang the old songs we had sung so often in the parish-hall concerts or school celebrations at home. "The Young May Moon" they sang—that historic song of the Connaughts, "The Minstrel Boy," and "Believe Me, If All Those Eendearing Young Charms." Then the band burst into a grand flare of "Tipperary," the song that will make all the world bless Ireland, because it has taught so many to dance gayly and some to die bravely.

Think of it—hearing "Tipperary" played in Ireland! No wonder I sat up straight and thrilled and thrilled. I surrenly remembered the first time I heard it played—at a college dance—and how the beat of it got into our feet. How many times I have heard it sung since then—at home dances, in music halls where the sparkling colleens tripped its measure in scintillating shamrock gowns, at the farewell parties of my military friends abroad, and on the first gay march out with the new regiment, when the ceaseless drumbeats held all the glamour and excitement of military life and the whole world seemed to march to the tap of "Tipperary."

Once I heard the merry French piou-piou sing "C'est bien loin a Tipperary;" I heard it whistled in Germany, and even a Japanese had told me how they sang it at home. Glibly and very seriously he rendered it for me in his high falsetto and translated the words as they understood them literally in Japan:

It's a long way to Miss Tipperary,
It's a long way to go to her;
It's a long way to Miss Tipperary,
She is the sweetest girl that I can know of.
It's a long way to Miss Piccadilly,
It's a long way to Miss Russell Square;
It's a long way to Miss Tipperary,
But my heart wants her most.

"We think it is very beautiful to sing so of ladies," he said, as if it were a serenade.

I had heard it in the hospitals, too—ah, so pitifully murmured by the convalescent! For the soldiers of Europe "Tipperary" is the slang of the war. When a soldier was trying to describe the retreat from Mons to me, he suddenly broke off and snapped his thumb. "Oh, it was like this," he said, and began to whistle "Tipperary," putting the despondency he could not fit with words into the tune. To me it seemed as if the very soul of the war had gone into "Tipperary." Women have danced and have wept to it, men have marched and fought and died to it, and yet it is always sung when no other song could be suffered.

But no town in the world could hold less associations with war than sweet Tipperary, where the very peace was fragrant. If you have sung or danced the "long way to Tipperary" be content and do not investigate farther; at least, not until it is regularly inked on the tourist's map. To begin with it wasn't on my map at all, nor on any the station master produced, although I once got a clew by hearing there was a military barracks outside the town. My friend shook his head: "Ye'll have to run into it before ye discover it," he said. "I don't believe a soul outside of Tiperary, and many that's within, knows where it is."

Maybe it was wonderful to be the first tourist to Tipperary, although I was the only tourist in Ireland last summer, and the first visitor to many shrines made by the war; but there were times enough when I sighed to be regularly "Cooked" as I tried to discover the end of my thread which spun out like a spider's. When at last my crisscross pursuit brought me to the little town that is natively rolled off as "Tipp'rary" I could only totter into the quaint inn and sink into the arms of a beaming maid by the name of Mollie, who acted as proprietor, "service," guide and intimate friend.

Mollie's tea would have revived any one, but an efficiency expert would have gone quite mad over her "lost motions" as she cheerfully pushed her lagging steps three times down cellar during that one eternal operation of tea. First she went down for the milk and then for the butter and then for the marmalade. I was thankful that the sugar was kept in the off pantry. When I looked vaguely about for the hot water she shot the most bewitching, devil-inspired glance from her lovely blue eyes and said, with Juno's complacency: "Do you really want the hot wather, miss? So many drinks their tay strong, and they say it's quite good." And there Mollie sat. I never found why my Mollie of the Lost Motions always kept four knives beside my plate, but I concluded that she was the descendant of some old Celtic clan whose "hospitality had its intentions."

As I sipped my tea, to the music of Mollie's delicious murmurings about the town where nothing ever happened, I looked out into the little street where the beautifully tinted plaster houses were glorified with climbing roses, or the humbler huts stood with their shutters ajar like arms resting on their contented hips, while their open doors smiled a placid welcome, and I saw, despite the rusty-haired, very freckled little boy who began to push (not lead) a belligerent donkey down the street, that the town of Tipperary was as strangely devoid yet pregnant of its song as a still talking-machine record.

Presently Mollie stood beaming beside me with her thumbs twisting in her apron. "May I be so bold as to ax ye a quiston, miss?" I thought of all the relatives she would probably accumulate in "Ameriky," and sighed at the remembrance of those misleading letters on my suitcase. Then Molly lifted her sweet eyes and whispered, in a way that always went shivering down my spine instead of into my ear: "Miss, it's about a song I do be hearin' they call 'Tipperary.' I heard they sing it in the battles and to dance be in the States. The prate says 'tisn't dacent for Irish girls to be singin' about Piccadilly and Leicester Square, so 'tis forbidden in these parts. But, miss, I would love, indade I would, miss, to be hearin' the tune of it—just oncet, miss."

Who could refuse Mollie, the little maid of Tipperary, who had never heard the song that put her town on the lips of the world? But harder than teaching "Tipperary" to a native was showing Mollie of the Lost Motions how to one-step to it. If an efficiency expert would have gone mad at Mollie's method of waiting on the table, he would have been exasperated into sanity again at her method of including every sharp furniture corner into our dance. Not the most fervid ragtime could have syncopated Mollie's motions, and she jiggled me around that dining-room until, gasping and protesting, I had to stop.

Can't you imagine those days I spent with Mollie in discovering Tipperary? It was Mollie who pointed out the two blacksmiths' shops, with just a brick wall between them, and their doors almost touching with a menacing friendliness, as the "one of O'Donovan father" and the other of "O'Donovan son." You can imagine the old story that went into the setting up of that brick wall where the younger generation asserted its rights, and the older generation smoked its pipe and said: "If ye should talk ye head clane off entirely I wouldn't hear a word ye said; but so long as we're neighbors, me b'y, mind this, that I'll be comin' over for a bit of tobaccy when I'm out of it."

It was Mollie who took me "down a piece to see the most wonderful tombstone iver sit up to a woman in Ireland." As we stood before the enormous redstone cross she told me that stirring story of the Irish boy who was betrothed to the sweetest girl in Tipperary. But he wanted to make a bag of gold before he was married, and so he set out for Californy and she got no word of him. So she went sick with longing, and when she was dying she called out to him: "Dennis, avic, come to me before I make the journey."

And because she was dying he heard her and he came, and he said: "I was only diggin' gold for ye, mavourneen, and now ye must get well, for I am rich there in Californy. I never forgot the ways of ye oncet, and now I'll take ye to Ameriky and make ye a queen, for I am going to be an Alderman in San Francisky."

But she said: "'Tis late for me, Dennis; I'm at the turn of the road."

Then he told her to remember this: "We'll have the grandest cross above ye that ever woman laid under. So rest asy in your grave."

Then Mollie told me the name of the Irish lad who left his love in Tipperary, and it was one well

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

DIVISION 4 ELECTS.

Division 4, A. O. H., met Monday with one of the largest attendances in years, the occasion being the annual election of officers and renewed interest being shown on account of the splendid showing on the division this year. All of the old officers were elected with the exception of Recording Secretary John J. Barry, who declined to run again. President John H. Hennessy was again elected by acclamation, although he stated that he would like to step aside for new material, but his wishes were overruled in the matter. County President W. J. Connelly, looking more youthful than ever, was present and received a glad welcome from the Limerick boys, who all have a warm spot in their heart for their former neighbor and resident. He complimented the division on the selection of officers and said he viewed with pride the progress of the division. Other remarks were made by John F. Burke, John Moriarty, Harry T. Colgan and the two gallant Sergeants, Pat Kenealey and Thomas Brown. The officers selected were:

President—John H. Hennessy.
Vice President—Thomas Lynch.
Financial Secretary—Thomas J. Langan.
Recording Secretary—James S. McTighe.
Treasurer—Pat Connelly.
Sentinel—M. J. McDermott.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Edward Byrne.
Standing Committee — F. J. Mooney, John F. Burke, L. J. Meany, Michael Mitchell and Thomas Downey.

GOOD MAN GONE.

Though not unexpected, news of the death of Edmund Rapp, cashier of the German Insurance Bank and one of Louisville's most highly esteemed men, caused a feeling of gloom throughout the city. Mr. Rapp was a devout Catholic and a member of St. Boniface church. He was a former President of Branch No. 5 of the Catholic Knights of America, and was Secretary-Treasurer at the time of his death. He had been affiliated with St. Joseph's Orphans' Society fifty-three years, and had served as an officer, and was also the first Treasurer of the Central Committee, C. K. of A., who paid tribute to his memory Sunday afternoon. Surviving him are two sons, Dr. Henry L. Rapp and Ferdinand J. Rapp, and the following daughters: Mrs. Thomas E. Yann, Misses Florence and Bertha Rapp, and the Nazareth Sisters, Georgie Marie, of Bardstown: Mary Constance, of Owensboro, and Catherine Theresa, of Paducah. He also leaves a brother, Adolph Rapp, of Glasgow, and a sister, Mrs. George Ecker. The funeral was held Monday morning from St. Boniface church, and was the largest seen there for years.

CONDITION IMPROVED.

David Fahey, of 729 West Oak, who was run over by an auto truck and seriously injured the last week of November, is reported improving, and his chances of recovery are now looked upon as very good. The injured man has a wide circle of friends and acquaintances throughout the city who will rejoice that he is out of danger. Mr. Fahey is probably the oldest employe in the service of the Louisville Railway Company.

ABUSE FRANK

United States Bureau Has Been Sending Out Private Matter.

Grant Organizations Right to Spread Their Ideas Throughout Country.

Should Consider All Agencies Training the Youth of the Nation.

SCHOOLS AND THE IMMIGRAMTS

The Government frank, granting the right to send matter hrough the mails without cost, is inseparably connected with the Government itself. The opinions of the representatives of the people, expressed in the legislative halls, are sent broadcast in this way. The ideas of the various bureaus and departments on the subjects under their consideration and the reports of these bureaus on the same are conveyed to the people through this means. As to where this franking privilege should stop it is sometimes difficult to say; but it can be emphatically stated that the propaganda of private agencies should never be sent out in this manner with the indorsement of any Government department or bureau. This gives to the opinions of that agency a great advantage over that of others in its field.

The United States Bureau of Education, connected with the Department of the Interior, has been granting the right to various private organizations to spread their ideas on education throughout the country under its official envelope and frank. A most striking instance was in the case of the National Kindergarten Association, a private association located in New York City, which advertises speakers and moving pictures and exhibits of its own. Many of the suggestions of this association are no doubt good, but its undue emphasis of the public school certainly can not be agreed to by thousands of American citizens. A private organization should not be allowed to advertise its articles of rental or sale through Government communications. The bureau also erred gravely in its co-operation with the recently formed National Americanization Committee. Posters were sent out signed jointly by the bureau and this committee, printed in various languages, recommending among other things that the immigrant seek his source of education for America in the public schools. In the poster Uncle Sam was shown holding the immigrant's hand and pointing to the public school house. The National Americanization Committee is, it is true, composed of well-known citizens of this country who have taken an especial interest in the immigrant, but the views which they entertain are in direct opposition to those of a considerable portion of the American people, who see in the parochial school a much better and more secure means for the Americanization of the newcomer. It was certainly most improper for the bureau to join with them in this recommendation in regard to the public school. But more grievous than either of these cases was the action of the bureau itself when, in its press letter of May 24 last, under the heading "Getting the Immigrant Child to School" it said as follows:

"Unless these children come into contact with American life through the public school, they are likely to grow up ignorant of American institutions and thoroughly unfit for citizenship. The plan of sending the names of these immigrant children to county and city superintendents is a first step in the upbuilding of a domestic immigration policy by the United States Government."

The last sentence was quoted as the idea of an employe of the Government on the immigration problem. The part of the parochial school in the work for the immigrant is here entirely ignored and the officers of the public school system are the ones to be informed of who and where the immigrant children are. Can this thing, it may be asked, be allowed to continue? If associations of the kind mentioned are allowed to distribute their matter broadcast, by means of the franking privilege, where is the line in this regard to be drawn? Why could not associations championing the teaching of religion in the schools or upholding the advantages of a parochial school system be granted the same rights? Why should not organizations believing in doctrines ever more radical than those inculcated in the public schools be allowed this thing?

And why should the bureau be at such pains to stress as it does the work of the public schools and make no mention of other forms of educational endeavor? If the public school systems of this country, in no way connected with the Federal Government, have received the sanction of that Government as its exclusive agencies of education, we have not been informed of that fact. The whole moral in the case is this, that the use of the official envelopes and franks of any bureau or department by a private organization should be stopped, and that the Bureau of Education should cease paying exclusive attention to the public school systems and take under its observations the activities of all other agencies intended for the training of the youth of the nation.